

THE FIELD AFAR

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

DILIGENTIBUS DEUM
OMNIA COOPERANTUR
IN BONUM



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD
ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

ENTERED AT POST OFFICE, OSSINING, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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APOSTOLIC STUDENTS OF CANTON, CHINA, LEARN OF OUR NEW SEMINARY.

Photo sent by Bishop Mérel of Canton.

THE FIELD AFAR

Maryknoll::OSSINING P.O.
NEW YORK

Issued every month

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Ordinary,—Fifty cents a year (domestic)

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Advertising space is limited and rates will be furnished on application.

With my missionaries, seminarians and orphans, I beg Our Lord Jesus Christ to heap His blessings upon you. I ask that His goodness may prosper your Seminary and send you worthy aspirants, good, zealous and docile souls, who will one day be your honor and your joy. And I pray that they may labor earnestly to acquire those priestly virtues which will make them valiant and prudent apostles, destined to convert thousands and hundreds of thousands of souls!

BISHOP MÉRÉL, Canton, China.

THE FIELD AFAR is steadily widening its circle.

In February we announced a list of twelve thousand subscribers, with an issue of 15,000. Our March report gives a circulation of more than 13,000, with an issue of 17,000.

A WHOLE-SOULED friend of our young Seminary has recently departed,—Monsignor Denis O'Callaghan of South Boston, Mass.

An ardent admirer of the work we are striving to do, Monsignor O'Callaghan had on several occasions given practical proof of his interest. One of our earliest altar gifts was from this much-loved prelate-pastor. May Jesus have mercy on his soul!

I am the Way and the Truth and the Life. No man cometh to the Father, but by me. John XIV, 6.

WE publish in another column a partial list of mission publications in English. A complete list would not, we regret to say, fill one of our pages. But this condition will be changed one of these days, for the mission-spirit is spreading rapidly among English-speaking Catholics, and Germany is providing some good material for translation.

THE gift of one hundred dollars from students of St. John's Seminary, Brighton (Boston), Mass., is a hopeful sign.

The amount is considerable, as any one who realizes the limitations of the average seminarian's purse, well knows. But it is the spirit back of the offering to which we allude.

If the attention of seminarians and novices can be secured and their interest aroused, America's place in the missionary annals of the Catholic Church can easily be foretold, for our opportunities are vast and our means undoubtedly abundant.

OUR Mission Aid Societies are doing valiant work. *Extension's* report for the home-missions is especially gratifying and an evidence that our horizon already reaches beyond the parochial limits.

The Society for the Propagation of the Faith reports progress and the Central Direction is to be congratulated as well as its mainstays,—New York, Boston, and Philadelphia.

But, as one of the directors of this latter society recently expressed it to the writer, we mission-workers have only 'scratched the surface.'

There is a mine of gold in this country, ready to be applied to the spread of the true faith. It is the gold of money, yes—but it is also the gold of Christ, the wealth of devoted love and heroic sacrifice that can make apostles.

Let us get deeper into the vein.

We all need more promoters to do this, but it can be done.

A PRIEST-FRIEND—and a generous one—offered a suggestion recently which was accompanied by the very acceptable gift of two hundred dollars,—a good bite out of the Easter egg that his parish had laid for him.

The suggestion was that we start a *St. Jean Baptiste Burse* and strive to arouse the interest of our French-speaking Catholics. Looking over our files we find that we did make one appeal for such a foundation, but failed to repeat it.

We shall be glad to open a *Burse* in honor of the blessed Precursor, although we are conscious that at present we have few French-speaking subscribers on our list, with the exception of our mission-friends.

We recall, however, with gratitude and admiration, that the most generous contributors to the Propagation of the Faith in the Boston Archdiocese were French-speaking parishes, notably those in Lowell, Lawrence, and Boston itself. So we are encouraged to start, with the hope that some of these may recognize and meet our appeal.

AMERICAN missionaries to China are applauding President Wilson's recent action in reference to the Chinese loan. We mean, of course, *Protestant* missionaries, for Catholic-American missionaries are as yet a negligible quantity in the Far East.

A body of these Protestant missionaries recently called on the President, encouraging his attitude and reminding him that "many leading spirits in China to-day are products of American missionary training." The President in his reply is reported to have said that "the men who have given their lives to actual work among the Chinese have a valuable knowledge of the needs of the people, and their opinions in governmental policy can be of

great service to persons who have to shape such policies."

All of which is quite true. We congratulate American Protestants on their enterprise and foresight. They have at the present moment, as the world judges such things, a splendid opportunity, with large, if not unlimited resources at their command. Consciously or unconsciously they have impressed the Chinese with the idea that English-speaking nations and the Catholic Church are at opposite ends of the pole, and it will take time to right these and other wrong impressions.'

But truth is eternal—and English-speaking Catholics, who have been preoccupied with many home-problems, rather than indifferent to the work abroad, will yet make known in the Far East that the term 'Catholic' is not synonymous with 'French.' They will show that the Church whose Chief resides at Rome is not a dying organism cast out by the governments under which it has lived, but the safeguard of the greatest of Republics, and a mighty force in the progress of every English-speaking nation in the world to-day.

* * A Letter From Cardinal Gotti.

WE begin to feel like something. In other words, we seem to be proving, to ourselves and to others, our existence, and to be aspiring now to a place in the records of Church and State.

About fifteen months ago, we set up our little establishment at Hawthorne. The kind-hearted and indulgent hierarchy of the United States had pronounced us 'fit,' or at least not unfit, had expressed its desire to see such a work as ours succeed, and had pointed out the road to Rome. Then the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda had examined our documents, applauded the idea, looked into our eyes and said—Begin.

And now—we have made our first annual report to Rome, through Cardinal Gibbons, and to our incorporators, of whom Car-

dinal Farley is our honorary and actively interested president.

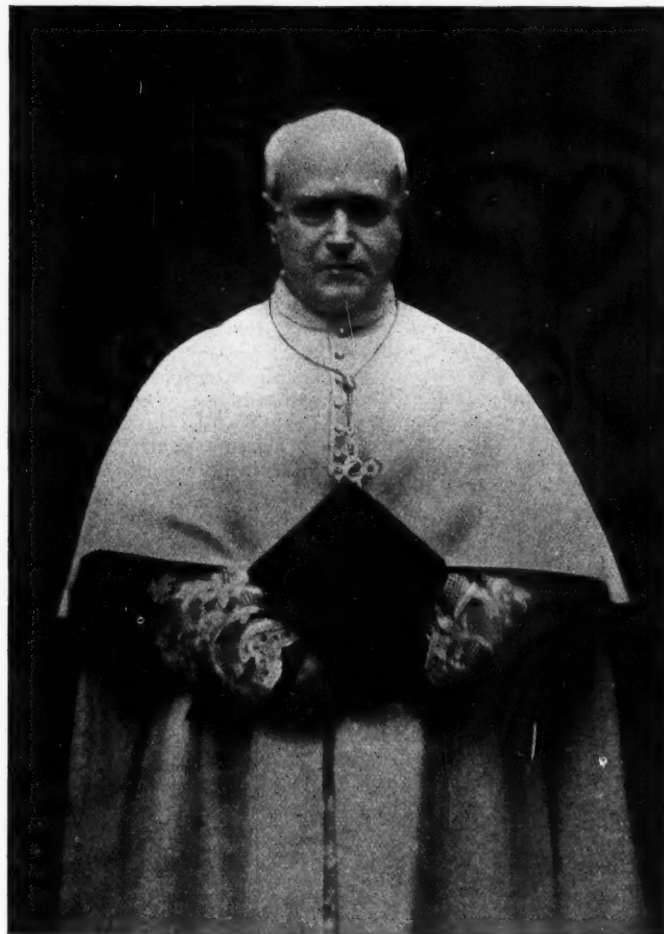
His Eminence, Cardinal Gotti, replying to Cardinal Gibbons, wrote:

*Sacred Congregation of Propaganda,
Rome, Feb. 25, 1913.*

I have read with much pleasure the first annual report of the new

American Seminary for Foreign Missions, in which are recorded the beginnings and progress of that growing Institution. I rejoice that, under the guidance of Divine Providence, so timely a work has been undertaken, and I hope that it will produce strong, apostolic laborers for the service of the missions.

Therefore the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda congratulates



A BLESSING FROM CARDINAL GOTTI, PREFECT OF PROPAGANDA.

*Je bénis de tout cœur le Rev. James Anthony Walsh
et le Rev. S. F. Price, et je prie N. Seigneur de
bénir leur zèle et leurs œuvres pour les Missions,
Le Guéme d'Esp. Gotti*

the founders and all their co-workers. It urges them to persevere steadfastly in their zeal, and it is pleased to make known to them and to their devoted assistants that His Holiness graciously bestows his Apostolic Blessing upon the work and upon all who, either by labor or by financial assistance, contribute to its success.

Signed by His Eminence, Cardinal Gotti, Prefect of the Congregation of Propaganda. C. Laurenti, Secretary.

Addressed to His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore.

Such is the approbation of Rome, at which our friends will rejoice as we do, knowing that it is upon the life of the Head that the existence of the members must depend.

It is good to record these encouraging words, but we were not surprised to receive them. Cardinal Gotti, from the moment when the plan was presented to him, showed a lively interest in it, and when the organizers left Rome it was with the feeling that this saintly prelate's blessing was that of a friend and patron.

We did not expect, however, to receive at the present time the added blessing of His Holiness. For this, in the name of our Society and its benefactors, we are profoundly grateful.

OUR REPORT TO PROPAGANDA.

Our report to Propaganda, though not lengthy, would cover too much space in *THE FIELD AFAR*. We summarize its chief features:

1. We have a permanent location, excellent and quite ample in view of future development.

2. On the property, which cost us (for 93 acres of land and all buildings) \$44,500, we have paid \$15,000, leaving a mortgage of \$30,000 which we shall be free, and, we believe, prepared, to cancel in three years.

3. Our official organ, *THE FIELD AFAR*, has proved profitable, not only as a direct investment, but indirectly, by securing for us a steady stream of gifts.

4. The work has been welcomed by a very satisfactory proportion of the bishops, priests and laity throughout the country, and new friends are being added daily to our lists.

5. We have reason to believe that within a year we shall be in possession of at least twelve foundations (\$5,000 each), and shall have accumulated in addition, a substantial proportion of the full amount necessary to pay for our property, besides meeting all current expenses. We have already three complete Burses, including one from His Eminence, Cardinal Farley, who has shown his constant interest in our work.

6. Finally, in view of the number of students (six) with whom we begin, and of the encouragement given by religious teachers in various parts of the country, we have the strong hope of a steady flow of excellent vocations.

WITH OUR INCORPORATORS.

Our readers know already that we have been incorporated under the laws of New York State.

On March 15th, at the residence of His Eminence, Cardinal Farley, our honorary president, the incorporators met and passed the By-Laws of our new Society. All were present except one devoted friend, Monsignor Dunn, who was convalescing from a serious illness.

Our first annual report to the incorporators was read at this meeting, and we are pleased to give it, in substance, below:

Aug. 17, 1912.—We purchased for \$45,000 from the Briarcliff Realty Company, 93 acres, part in the town of Ossining and part in Newcastle, 550 feet above sea level, with a view of the Hudson River, and running along 2612 feet on a public road, which has since been accepted by the State.

The estate is made up of a series of farms and has more than 40 acres of wood-land, sloping down to the boundary brook. It can easily yield us all the hay, vegetables and fruit that we shall ever need.

There are on it three substantial houses and a commodious barn.

House No. 1, known as *The Seminary*, is occupied by four, and occasionally five, priests and six seminarians: House No. 2, known as *St. Michael's Cottage*, is occupied by three Auxiliary Brothers and two lay helpers: House No. 3, known as *St. Teresa's Lodge*, besides containing the office of *THE FIELD AFAR*, also houses ten women, who serve us as secretaries and household workers.

Substantial and necessary improvements have been made:—

An electric pump and a cistern

have been installed near the brook, and water is carried by the Kewanee System of compressed air to our various buildings.

Connections have been established with the Electric Company for use of power and light; also with the public telephone service.

Heaters have been placed in the three buildings, also new bathrooms and plumbing.

Electric fixtures have been supplied to hall-ways and public rooms.

By sub-division and by closing in two porches we have made several extra rooms, and unless an unforeseen development occurs, we should have sufficient accommodation for at least the next three years.

Six septic tanks have been placed in the grounds for the disposal of sewage, and the cellars of all three houses have been cemented.

On this property we have paid \$15,000, leaving a mortgage of \$30,000 at five per cent, to run for three years. The title has been guaranteed by the Lawyers' Westchester Mortgage and Title Company. The deeds have been properly filed and recorded. The property is covered by \$25,000 of insurance, distributed as follows:—

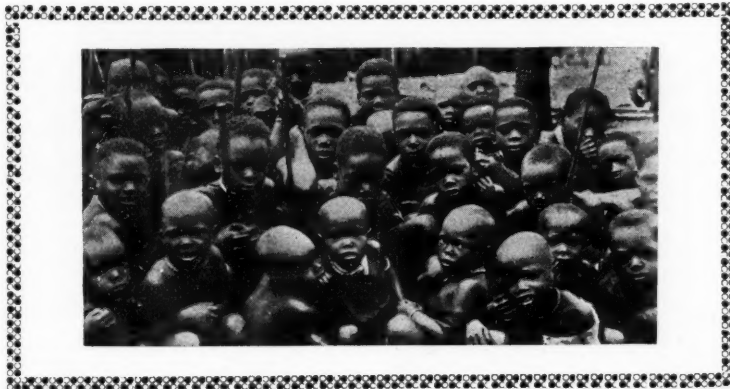
On the Seminary and contents.....	\$13,000
On St. Michael's Cottage (this will soon be increased)...	1,500
On St. Teresa's Lodge and contents.....	9,000
On Barn and contents....	1,500

Our incorporators were pleasantly surprised—and we confess that we ourselves were—to learn that our first year (with the addition of a few preparatory months) showed gross receipts of \$54,850.93.

Of this amount \$21,791.40 represents Burse or Foundation money, which must be set aside for interest-use only.

We have paid \$15,000 on our property, made improvements as noted above, published *THE FIELD AFAR*, and sustained our two communities, which number between twenty and twenty-five individuals, without counting "Billy," "George," "Major," and sundry nameless cats, hens and roosters.

Most of our benefactors read *THE FIELD AFAR*. Through these columns, then, we thank them, under God, for the generous and ready co-operation which they have given to this apostolic work.



EXPECTING THE FIELD AFAR IN AFRICA.

"Babies Cry for It."

"EVEN the babies cry for it," according to a Rhode Island correspondent, who writes:

My four little children all enjoy the pictures in *THE FIELD AFAR*, and even the baby recognizes the magazine when she sees it. Three of the little ones offer one Holy Communion every month for the good cause of foreign missions.

* *

Seminary Co-operation.

(A Model.)

ST. JOHN'S Seminary in Boston has for the last fifteen years made a special effort to develop in its students the foreign mission spirit.

An Academia was formed, in the closing years of the past century, under the direction of Rev. Joseph V. Tracy, D.D. This Academia, which might better, perhaps, have been called a Mission Circle, was made up of theological students who met every month to read and discuss papers on various subjects connected with missionary work. The Diocesan Director of the Propagation of the Faith habitually presided at these meetings.

The work of the Academia has, from the beginning, borne visible fruit. The latest evidence of this comes in the form of a considerable gift for our land, which has been received through the Boston

Diocesan Office and to which the following letter refers:

I am sending one hundred dollars as a gift from the Academia of St. John's Seminary. This amount has far exceeded our expectations, for when I wrote to you about Christmas time for some land-slips, I thought that twenty-five dollars would cover the results of our endeavor. But the generosity of the Seminarians has raised the sum to the present amount.

It is our wish, if agreeable to you, that these 10,000 square feet of land be set off in a particular part of the Seminary grounds, and that this be known as "St. John's Seminary Section." Moreover, it is our hope that in the future some alumnus of our Seminary, perhaps one of our present number, will raise a monument on this spot as a token of our appreciative interest in the work of one who spent his seminary days at Brighton, was for a good part of his priestly life in the Boston Diocese, and acted for some time as Director of our Academia.

Accept, then, this gift, as manifesting in some way the deep gratitude which the students of St. John's Seminary feel towards the former Director of their Academia for building the first Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America.

We hope that the present offering is but the first of many to come in the future, and we earnestly pray for God's blessing on your work.

We are deeply grateful for this kind letter and generous gift. While as yet we have no student from the Academia of Boston, we know that the seed has been sown and that God will give the fruit in good time, and in abundant measure.

Our Land-Slip Proposition.

☐ Maryknoll embraces ninety-three acres.

☐ We reckon the cost at five hundred dollars an acre.

☐ This would mean about one cent a square foot.

☐ Already friends, by filling land-slips (each of which represents one hundred square feet), have paid for eighteen acres.

☐ This is an excellent return, but there is yet a good opportunity to invest before all our land is taken.

☐ Send for a Land-Slip.

Address:

C. M. F. S. OF AMERICA,
Maryknoll, Ossining P.O.,
New York.

THE Society of the Divine Word (Steyl, Holland), which has a thriving branch of its splendid work at Techny, Illinois, has recently transferred one of its best-known priests, Fr. de Lange, from this country to the East Indies.

Fr. F. A. de Lange has been in America for thirteen years. He was appointed Provincial in 1907, opened St. Mary's at Techny in 1909, and a few months ago made a second foundation,—the Sacred Heart Mission House in Pennsylvania.

Fr. de Lange has, it seems, had a special desire to go to the missions, and his Superiors have finally consented to send him to a new foundation on an island about 12,000 miles square, inhabited by 600,000 Malays and Papuans. This island lies south of the Philippines and north of Australia. Each of its tribes has its own chief, but the island is controlled by the Dutch and Portuguese governments.

Fr. de Lange left New York for his mission March 11th, via Europe, the Suez Canal and the Indian Ocean.

He wrote to us on the eve of his departure and we hope to keep in touch with him after he has reached his mid-ocean home.

An Irish Nun to Her Archbishop.

AN Archbishop slipped the letter printed below into his own to us. It is a little side-light on the Church in India.

I hope Your Grace is very well and that your tour is a source of great consolation to you. The wet weather has set in here in good earnest, and we often wonder if it has gone on as far as you. If so, I hope it has not been an inconvenience in those tractless districts. In our home it has driven us into very close quarters. It beat in on the little veranda where we sleep, and the roof in places was just like a sieve. We had to have recourse to umbrellas, which caused us much amusement. With a slight stretch of the imagination we could each fancy herself on the banks of her native river,—Sister M. Cecilia on the Liffey, Mother Teresa on the Brosna, Sister Bridget on the lordly Shannon and I on the humble Suck. Isn't this quite a lesson in Irish geography?

The children come to school very regularly. We have now 120 in regular attendance, though there were only 56 present the day before we came. Are not the nuns huge magnets? We are wishing and praying for those Catholic children who are attending the Protestant schools. Perhaps they will come after Christmas.

What grieves us most is that, as they are bound to attend prayers and Bible class, they are gradually imbibing the spirit of a false religion. The forty-six children who made their first Holy Communion are models—many of them are weekly communicants now. The incorrigible *Andrew* is a new boy, our pet lamb I call him.

He was repeating the Ten Commandments one day and got on fairly well till he came to the third. Here he stumbled, but eventually managed to say, "Third, third, keep holy the Cabbage Day." "And what day is that?" I asked. "Friday," answered our theologian, "because we are forbidden flesh meat!" A younger communicant, who is just losing her teeth, was giving examples of sins and in the list of grievous things was "to hit your granny back." The same little imp was near me the other day, when one of the senior pupils was excusing himself for having lost his book at home. Up pipes the little voice: "How he lost it, Sister? His house only got one room. All yarns!" What could I say? For he was one of our most respectable and well-to-do-pupils.

Allow me to remain, Your Grace, Very respectfully and affectionately in Xt.,

SISTER MARY XAVIER MORAN.

* *



PLANTING THE CROSS IN INDIA.
(Photo sent by Fr. T. Gavan Duffy.)

THE American principle that all should start with equal chances in the struggle of life must, one is led to suppose, make the people of America appreciative of that providential element of human weakness known in popular terminology as "hard luck."

Listen to this for an instance of it in the apostolic field, and see how it affects you.

A friend of mine was put in charge of a district of some thirty-two villages, containing two or three thousand Christians; the people were in exceptionally good dispositions, and offered the new Father every kind of moral and even muscular support, if he would only replace the five wretched mud chapels by something better calculated to answer the Pagan taunts. Altogether moneyless, the good man contrived to get two brick chapels built, with the help of generous friends at home. A third was already appearing above the ground, the fruit of much discreet economy, when the devil appeared on the scene, with an artfully laid plan that has effectually cut off supplies.

In Eden he had taken the form of a snake; this time he took the still more abject form of a tape-worm. Entering at the mouth, he made his way duly down to the strong legs that, by so many a moonlight night, had carried this young priest of thirty-five from village to village for God's work. In no time the legs went into revolution, or rather on strike; and here lies the cunning of the trick,—henceforth his Reverence will have to keep a horse, the price of a chapel straight away, if you take the feeding into account—and Heaven knows the horse will see you do that! But there is deeper yet.

Bad water from the tanks can alone have brought the aforesaid devil; a good well can alone assure his not returning with seven more wicked than himself. Now a well costs at least as much as a chapel, often more. . . . Hence two chapels overthrown at one stroke. If it wasn't rather annoying one could laugh at the ingenuousness of the fiend, but then one should have the gift of miracles as an armor. Now my friend declares he hasn't it; this may be only his humility, but I think the readers of these few lines had better take it to be the fact, at least if by chance they see any little miracle that they themselves could work in defence of him and his work.

M. SEYRES, M.Ap.,
Thely-Mambalapattu P. O.,
So. Arcot, India.

* *

SSOME twenty-five missionaries have written asking to have their names placed on our subscription list. Sixty cents for the Ordinary Subscription (outside the U. S.) or one dollar for the Associate Subscription will meet the necessary expense for each of these worthy apostles and ourselves. We intend to send *THE FIELD AFAR* to all twenty-five but would prefer to register some of our readers as their benefactors.

* *

Pray for vocations to the foreign missions.

Donegal to the Front.

OUR "Donegal friend in Senegal" makes known occasionally, that he is still of the earth earthly, in spite of his environment. Here is his latest from the Black Belt:

R. C. Mission, Bathurst, Gambia, West Africa.

What an agreeable surprise it was to your old Donegal friend to get a few lines from you, and to get into touch with you again!

I remember your expressing to me once at Boston your intentions in regard to Foreign Missions and I am glad to hear that your most praiseworthy zeal has passed into act.

You will no doubt have plenty of toil and trouble, but also great consolations. I will make it a duty to pray for your intentions and for those under your direction. May God bless you and your work, and don't be discouraged if you meet with some difficulties. God's work is sure to be strewn with trials. Trials develop the soul and make us throw ourselves with greater confidence and faith into the Arms of God. He alone can give the result or harvest to which we look forward. The life of a priest who does not look for his ease and a natural freedom from care must be hard; for to live in the world and not be of it, demands great personal effort.

I have had a rather tough time of it here. The yellow fever came and in one week took off one priest (30 years) and Mr. Vaughan (29 years), a student of Theology, a young Tipperary man. The trial was hard and left my hands and my heart full, but I know God won't let their lives go for nothing. I went alone with my life in my hands for several months, but the storm has passed over, nor has it in any way abated my courage. "Au ciel le rendezvous!"

I have the motor boat; I have built a new school 152 miles in the interior; it serves as a church at the same time. I am about to start enlarging and embellishing our church of Bathurst. It will cost two thousand pounds, or \$10,000. I have picked up one thousand and fifty pounds, or \$5,250, and I'm after the balance. Could you put me on the track of a well-disposed millionaire? God is good and I know it will come with time and patience. It is hard to open the pockets of the rich. Our people have done their best but they are for the most part very poor.

Thanking you again and again, I remain

Yours very gratefully in Xto.,

J. MEEHAN.

Father Kiggen Kicking.

FROM 'the wildest wilds' of Africa, Fr. Kiggen sends us his word of encouragement and gives us a bright glimpse of mission life:

I find THE FIELD AFAR extremely interesting and although in this new, busy mission I seldom get time to read papers, I do read that from cover to cover.

I am glad to hear that the glorious undertaking at Maryknoll is receiving such cordial welcome and making such great progress. I will pray that the chosen six may persevere.

They will never be sorry that they have done so, for even here in the most barbarous parts of Africa there is plenty of happiness and joy. For myself, I would not give up this place for the most comfortable home in America. Almighty God sends us crosses, it is true, but along with them He sends much consolation.

Many people picture missionaries as wholly 'dried-up' individuals, and not a few youths are kept back from this work by the thought that to become a missionary, one must be very, very serious and averse to all the pleasures that are allowed priests at home. Now,

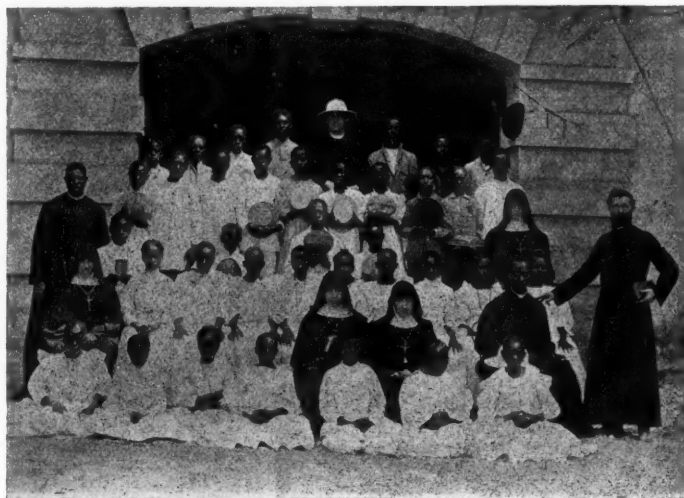
Burse Reminders.

A burse given in memory of the deceased, will enable us to train a valiant soul for the missions, a priest who will take upon himself the obligation of remembering always his benefactor.

Fifty dollars will make you or your departed relative a sharer in the burse which we are forming in honor of our blessed little martyr, Théophane Vénard.

A burse, or a share in one of our burses, may be paid in small sums sent occasionally at the benefactor's convenience. It may also be gathered from several members of a circle, a society, or a school.

FATHER CAYZAC of Nairobi, Africa, needs a camera, 'with the fixins.' We need one here at Maryknoll, and the 'fixins'



FATHER MEEHAN'S FIRST COMMUNION GROUP.
(There are two African negro priests in this group.)

as a matter of fact, we have many good times. We can play football in Africa as well as, if not better than, in America, and we enjoy the game quite as much as our savages do. So send us some apostles from Maryknoll, to share in our work and play.

will not be necessary.

If an instrument comes for Fr. Cayzac, we shall be especially pleased. It will help to secure one for ourselves.

Eusebius Vénard Dead.

OUR many readers who know the life of Théophane Vénard (Blessed) will be pained to learn that the young martyr's brother, so often referred to as *Little Eusebius*, died Feb. 24.

Théophane was martyred in February, 1861. This beloved brother survived him fifty-two years, dying at the age of seventy-eight.

Eusebius Vénard was, until the past year, an active parish-priest in the village of Assais, France, and honorary Canon of Poitiers, to which diocese he belonged.

It is to him that we owe the publication of those precious letters which have been, and will yet be, an inspiration to so many Catholic young people of both sexes.

To him also we owe in great measure the privilege of appealing to the much-loved martyr as one of the Church's beatified. The process of Beatification means long and exacting labors, and these Eusebius Vénard executed with exquisite care and a brother's love.

His work was well rewarded and his cup of joy filled to the brim, when, on May 2, 1909, he had the rare privilege of witnessing in St. Peter's at Rome, the ceremony of his own brother's beatification. It was the occasion of his *Nunc Dimittis*, the answer to his lifelong prayer.

That night, from his little room at the humble *Procure* which the Paris Seminary keeps in Rome, Fr. Eusebius wrote to the Editor of *THE FIELD AFAR* a long letter. We have lately re-read this with deep appreciation, and we quote from it the following passage for our readers:

"The great day has just come to an end and I wish to tell you my joy and my happiness and how much I have thought of and prayed for you.

Yesterday and to-day, I have had emotions truly delicious and beyond all expression. Yesterday, the entire deputation from the diocese of Poitiers, in which St. Loup (the martyr's home) was

notably represented, was received by Pope Pius X in a very special audience.

Before this audience, the Holy Father wished to receive me alone and to give evidence to me of his fatherly tenderness. He asked intimate details about dear Théophane and spoke to me with much satisfaction and praise about my own life-work, consecrated as it has been to the glory of my blessed brother.

In the general audience, after having

had to break into tears. The satisfaction of all present was evident and the subject of these remarks had to receive unanimous congratulations soon after, especially from his fellow-countrymen and his friends. I must tell you that these good people have just learned that the Bishop of Poitiers last evening made the humble Curé of Assais an honorary Canon and this news spread like a train of powder.

To-day was the great day of the Beatification, a ceremony grand and touching in the extreme. The chanting was very beautiful. I admired especially the *Te Deum*, during which I was many times suffocated by sobs and tears of happiness.

This evening at five o'clock, there was another gathering at St. Peter's, where the Pope came to venerate the relics of the newly Blessed and to assist at the Solemn Benediction.

The assemblage was immense, the great Basilica filled to overflowing. All the Papal court was present to participate in the ceremony and there was a splendid illumination which brought out the aureoles of the martyrs.

When the Pope and his court had left the Church, from the tribunes next to mine there rushed towards me an avalanche of people, most of them unknown to me, who offered congratulations, shook my hands and kissed them with visible joy. In treating me thus, they believed that they were in relationship with Théophane himself,—as if he were living.

I was happy in all these proofs of affection given to the Blessed One in my person and the impression they made was indelible, although my fatigue was extreme.

Very affectionately yours in Christ,
L. E. VÉNARD,
Curé d' Assais.

We ask our readers to remember in their prayers this priestly soul, to whose loving industry we owe the inspirations of 'A MODERN MARTYR.'



THE LATE CANON VÉNARD.

passed along the ranks and spoken most kindly to each in turn, His Holiness pronounced a discourse, urging all to respond to the address of the Bishop of Poitiers. Although he spoke in Italian, he was heard with attention; we understood very well his thoughts and even, in great measure, his expressions.

One of the most beautiful passages in his address traced quite at length the precious life of our sweet martyr; and at this point he publicly praised the poor Curé of Assais, who immediately

His Priestly Son.

By Fr. John Wakefield.

THE Reverend Nicholas Murphy was evidently disturbed. It was near bed-time. His faithful housekeeper brought in the little pitcher of cool water and placed it on his desk, but he did not bid her his usual cheery good-night. He simply mumbled.

And *she*—well, we are not concerned, but the angels heard her say, as she left the room, "He might as well have kept quiet. I wonder what's got into him anyway."

Fr. Nicholas was a holy priest, a watchful shepherd who gave all his time and all his income, slender though it was, to his flock. He loved them all, even the straying ones, and they all loved him.

He had a 'hobby,'—and it was a blessed one,—the ambition to rear priests. Already in the fifteen years of his charge at Avondale, a parish of some two hundred families, he had managed to add to the diocesan list no fewer than ten names,—and this from a district in which the flower of priesthood had not blossomed for almost a quarter of a century.

His fellow-priests were filled with admiration at his good work, and whenever he visited the Archbishop or met him on the occasion of some Confirmation ceremony, His Grace invariably referred to the splendid record he had made.

But Fr. Nicholas had not always been so enthusiastic on this subject. In the first years of his priesthood he had given it little thought. When some young student announced to him, in the confessional or outside, that he intended to go to the Seminary, he was always glad, but never concerned himself as to how the idea was suggested or as to who fostered it. He did not recall much about his own vocation,—only that as long as he could remember anything, he had thought of the priesthood and nothing else. So he felt that the idea would come

to others in the same mysterious way, and that the supply would regulate itself without any active interest on his part,—that if God wanted priests, He would find them.

Once or twice it occurred to him to suggest such a vocation to likely boys, but he always hesitated. He knew of a bitter disappointment which had come to one of his fellow-priests who had taken the initiative in encouraging what he believed to be a vocation, and mindful of this example, he had continued his 'hands off' policy for the first ten years of his priesthood. "Leave it all to God," he said to himself. "Let Him choose His servants."

But one day a Bishop from the West visited the parish in which he was stationed as curate. The Bishop was a man of strong character, whose words, bearing the seal of personal experience, made a deep impression on the young priest. He spoke particularly of his conviction that in all parts of the country, and especially in the more populous Catholic centres, vocations were going to seed because priests were afraid to foster them.

"God calls through men," said the Bishop emphatically, "and every one of God's ministers ought to be as anxious to reproduce good priests to follow in his footsteps, as a Catholic father is to bring into the world children to perpetuate his name."

The idea struck home. It sank deep into the heart of Fr. Nicholas, and before that year had closed, some of his meagre income was defraying the expense of educating a boy for the priesthood. The second year two were on the way, and then came his appointment as pastor of Avondale.

There was much to do in the new parish, and a thousand details preoccupied him; but Fr. Nicholas kept his eyes open for 'priestly sons,' and soon Avondale began to echo with the whisperings of sacred ambition.

The good pastor was hard

pressed at times, but he never refused the needed help. His cassock did not look so fresh as formerly and his cigar-box gave way to a tobacco-jar. The housekeeper did not like the tobacco crumbs and the burnt matches, but Fr. Murphy was 'no crank' and she knew enough not to complain.

So the good work had gone on, even at the cost of sacrifice. Only the day before, at Fr. McCall's Confirmation, the auxiliary Bishop had praised him before a table-full of the neighboring clergy.

And now—! Was it any wonder that he had slighted his good housekeeper when she interrupted his reflections this evening? Leo Shahan, the solitary subject for that year, had just told him that he was *not* going to the Diocesan Seminary.

Had the boy said he was positive that he had no vocation to the priesthood, it would not have given the shock it did. Or had he declared his intention to enter some religious order, Fr. Nicholas would have become reconciled at once. But it was quite another and an unexpected reason that had been offered. Leo Shahan had made up his mind to go to the foreign missions.

"The foreign missions—" mused the priest. "'China, probably and preferably,' the boy said, 'but he had no choice. And can't he see all there is to be done here—with the heathen at our doors? Charity begins at home. I'm provoked with the youngster, after all I've done for him."

"Of course some one ought to go to these people, but in the old countries there are priests 'running over one another,' and they ought to be scattered among the heathen where they could do some good.

"Then too"—and here it was the human in the priest that spoke—"the idea will spread and cut off our supply for the diocese. I can't control any of them once they get started on this tack."

Fr. Nicholas went to bed that night thoroughly disappointed.

The next morning after Mass he called Leo to the sacristy, rehearsed all his arguments of the night before and added a few others. He warned the boy to go slowly, and urged him to wait until he was ordained in order that he might make a test of this new feeling.

Leo thanked his benefactor earnestly, but assured him that he had thought and prayed over the matter for a whole year already, and was firmly convinced that he would be a coward if he did not follow the light that had been given him.

Leo Shahan entered the Foreign Mission Seminary, and five years later, after a brief visit to Avondale, he bade his parents and his pastor farewell and took the train for San Francisco, on the way to his mission in Korea.

"Korea," murmured Fr. Nicholas, as he sat again by his fireside and looked at the ordination souvenir of his protégé.

"Where is it?" And he found himself so much interested as to take down his Catholic Encyclopedia, locate the little country outlined above the map of China, and read the brief story of its persecutions and progress.

"It's a tough row," he broke out half unconsciously, "that the youngster has to hoe. Good luck to him and—God bless him!"

In due time letters from the Far East began to drop occasionally out of the Avondale pouches. Fr. Nicholas was always pleased to see the strange stamp, and to read Leo's glowing accounts of his apostolate.

He could not help taking a secret pride in the fact that his was the only parish in the diocese, and for that matter in the province, which had given a priest to the foreign missions.

He noticed, too, that the life of this self-exiled young priest was followed with deep interest by many in the parish, and was visibly stimulating religious voca-

tions. But he was never quite reconciled.

Then, late one afternoon, a letter arrived, bearing the now familiar stamp, but addressed in a strange handwriting. The priest was just finishing matins for the morrow. He reached for his paper-cutter and as he turned the envelope in his hand, he discovered a bishop's coat of arms. A feeling of uneasiness came over him and he opened the letter hastily. It read:

Dear Fr. Murphy:—

Fiat voluntas Dei! Fr. Shahan, after a short illness, died in my arms this morning, the death of a saint. He left this message for you—"Tell Fr. Murphy that I have never forgotten his goodness to me. Tell him that when I decided to come here, I offered all my life for his holy work, the supply of priests for the diocese in which I was born, and that if I disappointed him, God, whose arm is not shortened, will raise up many to more than compensate for the loss which I occasioned. And tell him that my little flock has prayed daily for him and for his people."

I am writing to Fr. Shahan's parents, but I feel impelled to congratulate you and your parish on the blessing which will come to your work, if indeed it has not already come, through his sacrifices in life and now through his intercession. *Mirabilis est Deus in Sanctis suis!* God is wonderful in His Saints!

To us here his loss in a great one, but for him 'to die is gain.' From this crushed seed will germinate faith for many in Korea, and God will reward you who have been the instrument of good to these poor, grateful people.

*G. MUTEL,
Ep. tit. Milen.

Fr. Nicholas brushed away the tears from his eyes, went into his bed-room and said the *De Profundis* for his 'priestly son.' Then a sense of deep gratitude filled his soul. He took up his breviary and began to read where he had left off. The words seemed suddenly to be full of significance:

Te Deum laudamus;
We praise Thee, O God;

Te aeternum Patrem omnis terra veneratur;

Thee, eternal Father, all the earth doth worship;

Te martyrurum candidatus laudat exercitus;

Thee, the white-robed army of the martyrs doth praise;

Te per orbem terrarum sancta confitetur Ecclesia;

Thee, the holy Church throughout the world doth confess;

Convertimini ad me et salvi eritis, omnes fines terrae;

Turn to me and ye shall be saved, all ye ends of the earth;

Non fecit taliter omni nationi et judicia sua non manifestavit eis.

He hath not done in like manner to every nation and His judgments he hath not made manifest to them.

The heart of the priest was full to the brim with peace and love, as he knelt again before his crucifix. *Omnis terra—orbem terrarum—fines terrae—. All the earth the ends of the earth.*

The words kept ringing in his ears. He looked at the outstretched arms of the Saviour and he seemed to hear the call, "Venite ad me, omnes."—"Come to me, all!"—Then as he bowed his head, he said to himself, "The son who disappointed me most has proved my treasure. From him I have learned to-day that Christ died for all, that His charity embraces all, and that ours, though it may begin at home, should not, cannot, if we follow Him, end there."

Maryknoll, February, 1913.

* *

This paper is designed to make known the new American Seminary for Foreign Missions and the cause for which it stands—the conversion of heathen peoples to Christ.

It is published at Maryknoll, Ossining P. O., New York, by the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Incorporated.

The Paschal Moon at Maryknoll.

WE do not spend much time moon-gazing at Maryknoll, and we are not inclined to prefer moon-shine industry to other necessary enterprises, but we certainly have an excellent opportunity to admire the heavens from our hill.

And the Paschal moon that appeared in all its beauty after the gloom of Good Friday was an inspiration to us all. With a brightness almost as of day it threw its light over our land and buildings, above our stretch of woodland, and down to the glorious river, two miles distant.

The Albany night-boat, which has resumed its daily trips to and from the metropolis, needed no search-glass as she made her silent course past Croton Point on her way north.

The Resurrection feast is but a memory now, but it is a precious memory for the little congregation, about thirty people in all, who assembled in our provisory chapel. It climaxed a week of ritual quite as elaborate, thanks to our friend from England, as if we had a real chapel, our own vestments, and Catholic Goods Store furnishings (a questionable advantage in some details).

Home-made lecterns and triple candle-stick, improvised dalmatics, heroic attempts at chanting lamentations, prophecies and alleluias in turn, a door-way repository, a bay-window sanctuary for the functions of solemn High Mass,—it was all interesting and edifying as an experience, and consoling as a memory.

The angels were with us those days, but the Devil got in some work shortly afterwards. He danced on our pumping-engine, and the motor followed him 'to the bad entirely.'

It was Cardinal Farley who, after blessing us, graciously expressed the hope that we would be delivered from the Devil and his

'pumps,' and we thought that we were free. But now we find that His Eminence did not add a strong enough prayer to that act of hope.

The water famine reminds us that our coal bins have been empty for the last few weeks, but we are not looking for sympathy in view of this latter need, for we have wood to burn. Water to boil is what we want.

In spite of the bad behavior of our water machinery we are preparing for a substantial farm development.

We have hired a farmer, who is supposed to know more about crops and cattle than we do ourselves. We are on the lookout for cows (the price of one has just come), sheep, an extra horse, farming implements, more hens, fertilizing material, and half a hundred other things, under which we seem occasionally, at night, when we are asleep, to lie buried. We are looking forward, however, to getting all our food supplies, except meat and mustard (and a few extras) from the farm.

Can we do it? Shall we do it? These are questions which we may be ashamed to answer next Fall, but we are already in the hands of the seed-growers, and it is too late to escape.

So, dear reader, when in your litany you pray for the conservation of the fruits of the earth, remember the farm at Maryknoll, and have pity on those of us who were so unfortunate as to have walked in our youth on bricks, rather than on green and grassy carpets covered with daisies and dandelions.

ACROSS the field, at St. Teresa's Lodge, there lives a group of women—our secretaries and household assistants—who have been made very happy recently.

These faithful Maries of *Maryknoll* have not only been giving their services free to the Cause, but have been doing so without definite assurance in regard to the future,—a fact which makes their sacrifice doubly great. They live under a rule, with meditation, daily Communion, and other spir-



"BRADFORD," "BILLY" AND "MAJOR."
(Find the Dog.)

itual exercises to balance and interrupt their hours of steady, silent work.

Last Christmas, with the kind permission of His Eminence, Cardinal Farley, daily Mass was instituted at the Lodge, and a few days after Easter the Most Blessed Sacrament was reserved in its simple little chapel.

With Cardinal Farley's approval, these Marias will soon be clad in a uniform. We regret to say that we cannot just now describe it, although we know that some of our readers who belong to the 'devout female sex' are interested, if not 'dying to know' what it looks like.

* *

Our Auxiliaries in Cassock.

A SIGNIFICANT event took place here on Holy Saturday, when our three Auxiliaries adopted a special cassock and cincture.

We have not said much about the Auxiliaries, because our accommodations have been limited. But we now state that it is our hope to attract gradually a sufficient number of men, preferably young, and at least fairly well-educated, who, though not destined to the priesthood, will render valuable service either here at Maryknoll or later as catechists and companions to priests on the missions.

We shall have need of several at Maryknoll and shall be especially pleased if we can get representatives of different trades and of some professions. We have now a master of horticulture, a printer and a clerical worker. In time we could find use for a doctor, a dentist (we already have the chair and instruments), an electrician, a chauffeur (don't misjudge us—we are speaking of real necessities in this hill-country), a wood-worker, a plumber, and a practical farmer.

All could help to make us self-sustaining here and later aid our missionaries, when they are far removed from shops and stores.

The Knell of the Bell.

WE had a bell. We bought it in a wholesale crockery-house down town in old New York, and we paid over a dollar (not much over) for it. Since last September it has roused us, rung out the Angelus, and started our devotions, our daily work and our classes. In a word, it has called us to time.

And it does so yet, although it is no longer a bell. Cracked after many a handshake, it is down to the thick crockery stage and seems to wait for its release from active service. Even so, it is better than nothing.

Occasionally, however, we hear of some one who has a *penchant* for supplying bells to God's houses. We have never met such a gentleman (or perhaps it is a lady), but here is a golden opportunity to invest one hundred and fifty dollars for us by putting it into metal worthy of a noble purpose.*

* *

A Word About Our Chapel.

WE have the foundation for a cozy little chapel, which ought to meet our needs until we grow into a real seminary building.

Within this foundation is installed the apparatus for our water supply. Above its temporary roof is the space which must soon be occupied by the Blessed Sacrament and the worshippers of the Sacramental Christ.

Two thousand dollars ought to go far towards the construction of this first chapel of the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America. We are also aiming to get extra rooms by adding to our present seminary building, and we are hoping to keep within three thousand dollars on this latter proposition.

But you see—some people must be inspired, and Maryknoll must be the object of their inspiration. We have confidence that this will

* Since we wrote the above, our bell has died of a broken heart.

Think of us when you are framing that will. Our corporate title is

THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA, INC.

happen, although at the present writing we have not the slightest idea to whom, under God, the Seminary will be indebted for the needed help.

In such cases it is usually the unexpected that happens. We remind our readers, however, that we do not depend upon large gifts. They rarely come to this work, doubtless because God would provide for us through the many, who will give us not only money, but spiritual alms as well. We appeal, then, for *Our First Chapel* and for *The Seminary Addition*.

* *

UNDER the heading,—*Pittsburgh, Our Friend in Deed*,—we told in our February issue of the unexpected windfall of one thousand dollars that came to us from that diocese. This amount was apportioned by Rt. Rev. Bishop Canevin from the receipts of his Diocesan Missionary Aid Society. We have since received the simple but interesting report of this organization.

The report covers a period of four years, and is as follows:

MONEY RECEIVED

No. 1. Items sent to the Director and not credited to any parish:	
Donations.....	\$610.36
Special Membership.....	59.00
Ordinary Membership.....	8.00
Children's Membership.....	.54
Perpetual Membership.....	780.00
Private Contributions (Designated Gifts).....	1,643.65
No. 2. Membership Dues, Assessments from Churches and Institutions.....	
	41,766.16
Total Receipts, 4 years.....	\$44,867.71

MONEY PAID OUT

Postage and envelopes.....	\$402.44
Stationery.....	22.42
Printing.....	550.75
Traveling expenses.....	69.01
Salary.....	2,401.57
Propagation of the Faith Society.....	4,991.16
Catholic Church Extension Society.....	22,192.75
Indian Missions.....	3,671.00
Colored Missions.....	1,508.00
Holy Childhood Society.....	3,784.57
Catholic Missionary Union.....	3,700.00
Capuchin Missions.....	380.00
Burma Missions.....	152.00
Catholic Foreign Mission Society.....	1,004.00
Cash Balance on hand February 1st, 1913.....	38.04
Total.....	\$44,867.71

REV. P. C. DANNER, Director,
1018 Epiphany Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.



GOING INTO THE WHOLE WORLD, PREACH THE GOSPEL TO EVERY CREATURE.

The Gleaners' Column.

ONE may rush to the dying for *their* souls' sake, and one may rush to them for *one's own* soul's sake. In mission lands the stone of zeal has been known to wear by the water of experience. When it has happened several times that the most notorious sinners have received you, collapsing from a ten-mile race, with a smile of welcome and the shocked assurance that never, *never* did they fall so low as to commit a venial sin in *all* their life, your devotion to scholastic learning wanes. You may take what consolation you can from the fact that the native is a child and so incapable of reason; and you may further think that he is a picture of yourself ignoring Our Lord's devotion; but the sting is there yet.

Francis Thompson, who has said all the things of beauty that were left to say, has a passage that offers matter for days of meditation to one who knows the missions. And the final note is optimistic, of course.

Learn to dream when thou dost wake,
Learn to wake when thou dost sleep;
Learn to water joy with tears,
Learn from fear to vanquish fears;
To hope, for thou dar'st not despair,
Exult, for that thou dar'st not grieve;
Plough the rock until it bear;

I have always thought that a converted peany-peep-show-man (presuming that all such need converting) would make a superlative missionary. Some of the saints are praised for their hatred of the gaze of men; they would not have been naturally gifted for the missions; and indeed none of the great missionary saints were of the retiring type. The missionary must be resigned to being stared at by little boys wherever he goes, and he may consider himself lucky if he is not followed by a mimicking troupe of them. He will be stared at during all the functions of his ministry either in the church or on the roadside or in the dwellings of his people; and the staring will not always be of the most friendly kind.

From this we draw another point, that the missionary must not mind getting the worst of it. He will have to get the worst of the climate anyway; then there will be the temper of the nation where he is working, which certainly will be provoking and, alas, unalterable.

When first he gets established with the responsibility of a district on his shoulders, he will probably find that his predecessor has not had time to leave him a single line of intelligible information to guide him in the affairs of the district, and he will get the

Have you any place at Maryknoll for young men who desire to give their services to the Cause of Foreign Missions, but not as priests?

Our answer to this question is that later we hope to provide an opening for many such vocations; and that even at the present time, if we were certain of our subjects, we would accept a few. Any young man to whom this paragraph appeals should say some good prayers and, if his disposition perseveres, write to us for further information.

worst of it and look not a little ridiculous as he tries to make things out for himself.

When first he preaches in a foreign (God knows how foreign!) language he will get the worst of it, and be still more ridiculous as he stumbles over words that are too long right into the middle of the next sentence.

Again he will get the worst of it when in the midst of his attempts to start things, his catechist catches small-pox and the catechist's assistant's baby goes and dies (and it *will* die for a certainty, little angel though it be, just at the moment when heaven and earth will fall if you are left with no one to help you).

Finally, the missionary will get the worst of it even when he wants to build a shelter for his horse. He would, to native eyes, look ridiculous if he worked himself; and yet he will be ridiculous if he does not work. The carpenter will not come; the wall-maker, unless he is watched with a care that puts to death all possibility of other work, will make the wall where the space ought to be; and the envoy who has been sent miles for the right kind of covering for the roof, will return with just the right kind of food for the white ants. Then if the missionary uses all the powers of invective with which a merciful Providence has thoughtfully provided him, he will probably look no less ridiculous than other angry men, while the invectives will not penetrate the Oriental mind, the work will not be done and he will get the worst of it in the end.

Red Indian.

The Warmth of Charity.

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LANDED AT MARYKNOLL.

SAFE in our keeping are these gifts from friends afar:

Philadelphia, Pa.:
3 Sets of Glass Vases
3 Sets of Glass Candlesticks
2 Shrine Lamps
4 Amices
2 Altar Laces
1 Box of Tapers
1 Sick-Call Pyx
1 Linen Pall
1 Entrance Sign—"Maryknoll"

Reading, Pa.:
6 Surplices

Summit, N. J.:
1 Box of Jewelry

Boston, Mass.:
1 Set of Black Vestments
2 Albs
6 Amices
3 Finger Towels
3 Corporals
1 Altar Cloth
3 Communion Cards
1 Monstrance
1 Chalice and Paten
1 White Cope
2 Cassocks
Books
Dentist's Chair
Dentist's Instruments
Silver Pie-Knife

Manchester, N. H.:
2 Birettas

Providence, R. I.:
1 Set of Red Vestments
1 Set of Green Vestments
Altar Linens

West Quincy, Mass.:
6 Chamois Bags for Altar Vessels

Salem, Mass.:
Old Jewelry

CLOSE upon the heels of these bundles came two more. One contained a brand-new dictionary and an atlas, sent by a Boston friend who in some way, we suspect, must have heard how much we needed these books. The other was filled with useful articles, ranging from desk supplies to cook-books,—the gift of a Sister in New Jersey.

* *

AND last but not least, there appeared a generous box of groceries, another mysterious gift from the 'Lady Bountiful.'

* *

A HUNDRED DOLLARS has dropped upon us from the skies—those skies that lie over Boston. This generous gift came as mysteriously as did one of fifty dollars a few months ago, and if we mistake not, both were warded to us from the same source.

May God bless the unknown giver!

* *

A NEW YORK business man who discovered our need of a cow, straightway set out to get us one. But as cows have not grazed up and down Broadway for several years and even cow-dealers are scarce in that vicinity, he finally decided to send us seventy-five dollars and let us buy the cow from some of our country neighbors. His generous gift was accompanied by only one condition,—“whatever kind of cow you buy, be sure that she gives plenty of milk.”

We shall endeavor to carry out the wishes of our good friend—for his sake and ours. We intended at first to name the cow William, after the donor, but on second thought we feared that this honor might not be so highly appreciated by him as by us—and besides, we recalled that cows belong to the 'hostile sex.' There is no danger that our benefactor will be forgotten, however, even though he is not represented here by a namesake.

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